

## The Critic

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*Hereafter THE CRITIC will be published weekly from the middle of September to the middle of June, and fortnightly from the middle of June to the middle of September. The experiment has been tried this year with gratifying success. As the new arrangement reduces the number of copies to be published during the year from fifty-two to forty-five, a corresponding reduction will be made in the subscription price, which will be \$3 per annum, instead of \$3.50 as heretofore.*

### The Theatre a Publishing House.

A MAN having eyes that see the world with a fairer vision writes of what he sees in men and women. It is a story of life, and the people wish to hear it or read it. The story is printed and sold for a dollar. Some one pays a dollar for a copy, and of this money the writer receives ten cents, perhaps less. The person who buys the book reads it himself and lends it to four others to read. Now five people know the story, but the author has received no more, unless some one else buys another copy; and even he may lend it to twenty others, none of whom pay the author a penny. Another author takes his story to a publisher, who, in place of printing the book, hires a convenient building and engages a number of persons to recite the story aloud. Now, if the five people wish to know about the author's work, each one must pay a dollar, and the author instead of receiving ten cents receives fifty cents, or ten cents from each hearer. A book may be re-read, and the author receives nothing for the second reading. The story recited in public cannot be heard a second time without a second payment, and the author thus receives pay from every reader or hearer at every hearing.

The publisher using a house and employing persons to speak the story is called a manager, and his place of publication is a theatre. Nevertheless, he is simply and only a publisher of literary work. Without the work—the manuscript—his actors, his orchestra, his painters and all who contribute in any way to the general result must stand idle. The author is the one motive power and excuse for all. Publication of a literary work is the sole reason for the existence of the Theatre. It is true the manager is more than a publisher, because he brings all arts together to help literary publication, but this does not take away the fact that the Theatre is a publishing house. Naturally, the writer, seeing that the theatrical publisher receives pay for every hearing, believes that this form of publication is the most profitable. Within certain limits this is certainly true. It

may, therefore, be worth while to briefly examine this matter, both from the publisher's and the writer's point of view.

In the first place, the managers—and also the actors, and occasionally the scene-painters—imagine, in a beautiful spirit of amiability, that it is the 'show' and not the story that their patrons come to see. The word 'theatre,' they say, means 'to see.' So it does; but it is to see a story. All the acting, all the fine dresses, scenery, music and art in the world will not sell a single ticket, if the words and actions of the performers are without meaning. Is any one ready to put on a patent-office report with 'realistic scenery' and 'startling mechanical effects?' The public will abide an opera in a foreign language, set to music, which is a language without definite meaning, because the story is seen in the action. The multiplication-table set to music by a Wagner or a Beethoven, and sung by a Patti would not fill half a house. It is the 'little book,' the story, and without it the theatre and opera house must close their doors.

Now, if the book of the play is the foundation stone of the theatre—if the writer is the one man on which the entire business depends—why is it that there is so much grief over the supposed unwillingness of managers and actors to read new plays. The book and magazine publishers retain 'readers' to examine manuscripts. All you have to do is to send or carry it in. It is entered in a book by a clerk, your address taken, and the work of examination is put forward in a rapid and business-like manner. In a few days or weeks you get your answer: accepted, with a check or contract; rejected, with thanks for the chance to look at it.

The managers, it is said (and, by the way, I for one have a mild disbelief in the story), refuse to read anything and greet the man with a play with a certain chilling formality; or give him cold promises to read when convenient, which is never; or refuse to read at all. It is easy to see why this notion of the unwillingness of this class of publishers to read a new play sprang up. Very few people can write plays. Many think they can, but the manager has had such an unhappy experience in reading and producing new works, that he is naturally sceptical. It costs a great deal of money to produce a new play. It is apparently impossible to tell beforehand what will please and what will not.

Now, what should be done under these circumstances, and what course should the young or unknown writer of plays do to obtain a public hearing of his work? Clearly, the thing to do with a new play is to play it. The opinion of an audience of at least five hundred disinterested persons is the only test of a work. If it will please such a company of intelligent people in town or country, it is fair to presume it will interest the general public. Two people are interested in the matter—the writer and the manager, and chiefly the writer. It seems fair, then, that the writer should assist the manager in securing a representation of the piece. Before it is played it is worth the value of the paper it is written on. After performance, it may be as good as a bank-note, legal tender in every theatre in the country. The notion that the manager should take all the risk of an untried work by an unknown man is simply—not good business. If the painter believes he can paint a good picture he paints one. He does not ask payment before buying the canvas. He will exhibit it, even if he must hire a hall to show it in, and thus get the popular verdict.

How shall the author of a play help himself? In the

first place, print the play. Very few people enjoy, as a regular thing, the reading of manuscript. Print several copies, that, if necessary, a dozen people [can read it at once and thus gain time. In the second place—if the writer is a beginner—write a simple play, easily played and cheaply mounted. Have it performed by amateurs in a parlor, if nothing better can be done. Hire a room and people to act, and invite an audience to sit in judgment on your work. It will cost money. Certainly it will; but the investment of a few hundreds now may bring thousands years hence. It may fail, and all the money be a dead loss. Not quite. The money will simply be paid for the valuable information that you cannot write a play. You will be saved a deal of time and labor, and the managers and the public will be spared much undeserved misery. But it is not so bad as that. Some one may be present at your failure, and see through the mistakes; and he may say, like a wise friend: 'Young man, you can write a play—when you know how. Work, study, and try again. The next time you may win a success and clear a thousand per cent on the cost of your little preliminary trials.'

CHARLES BARNARD.

### Literature

#### "The Philosophical Basis of Theism."\*

THAT this book was written by a Professor of Theology might be inferred from its contents. Not that its purpose is directly theological; not that its pages contain theological matter strictly so called; but a theological spirit breathes through it, and whoever can read between the lines—nay, whoever can read the lines discerningly—will feel the presence of a dogmatic temper peculiar to the man who claims to possess divine truth. The declarations that 'the truth that man is "in the image of God,"' announced in the first chapter of Genesis, and fundamental in revelation from the beginning to the end of the Christian scriptures, is also fundamental in philosophy and in empirical science,—that 'complete agnosticism is not entitled to the attention of rational beings, and may be dismissed from further consideration,'—that 'materialism as a philosophical theory of the universe is an entire failure,'—that Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer, Fiske are unscientific men,—such declarations as these sufficiently betray the absence of a fine philosophical talent, while the apparently unconscious deductions in favor of certain preconceived ideas disclose the mind of a thinker trained in a scholastic routine.

Still, the volume is able and suggestive. For the present, all arguments from the intuitive side must be tinted with the prejudices of religious belief. They must be more or less apologetic or controversial in tone, and the work before us has as little of this tone as is consistent with its aim. The style is clear, simple, free from technical expressions, and excepting for an occasional abruptness and angularity, excellent. For classes of students to whom the substance was originally delivered in the form of lectures, and for whose benefit mainly the chapters have been written, it is admirable. The argument is not new, neither is the presentation of it original, though the method is fresh, as being adapted to the speculative condition of the day. The evidence of vast reading is everywhere manifest. Not only have Plato, Aristotle, the schoolmen, Leibnitz, Descartes, Kant been carefully studied, but the writings of Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Molescott, Vught, Spencer, Clifford,

with other expositors of the modern psychological school, have been examined critically. As a repertory of passages tersely expressing opinions of eminent authors, with quotations and references, the book is valuable. The volume purports to be 'an Examination of the Personality of Man to ascertain his capacity to know and serve God.' The kernel of it is an exposition of the doctrine of the human consciousness as implying facts of personality. 'Man knows himself to be a person, endowed with rational free-will and all the essential attributes of personality, and, as such, a subject of moral obligation and capable of moral conduct and character. Man knows this with the highest certainty; on the knowledge of this all other knowledge depends for its reality, its continuity, and its unity.' 'All personal beings are supernatural.' 'A Person is a being conscious of self, subsisting in individuality and identity, and endowed with intuitive reason, rational sensibility, and free will. All beings constitutionally devoid of these characteristics are impersonal.' These sentences give the key-note of the discussion, which includes argument on all the points mentioned or involved, a detailed analysis of the process of knowing as well as of the essence of knowledge, and a full consideration of physical and metaphysical objections. To us it seems as if Prof. Harris had erected a large superstructure upon rather slight foundations. Miss F. P. Cobbe, a disciple of Theodore Parker, builds a much smaller house upon the same foundations. Some will dispute the security of the foundations themselves, but they cannot be more firmly laid than by Mr. Harris, nor more solidly cemented. .

#### Mrs. Oliphant's "Sheridan."\*

To the series of Ancient Classics for English Readers and to the series of Philosophical Classics Mrs. Oliphant—for some unexplained and indeed unaccountable reason—has not yet contributed a single volume. But to the Foreign Classics for English Readers she has contributed three—those on Dante, Cervantes, and Molière, the three chief names of the three chief Romance literatures. And to the Art-at-Home Series she has contributed one—that on Dress. And now she makes a contribution to the English Men-of-Letters Series—the volume on Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It is with pleasure that we are able to declare that Mrs. Oliphant's 'Sheridan' is better than her 'Molière,' for after a perusal of the latter we were forced to the conclusion that she had never taken the trouble to read Molière through, while we now incline to the opinion that she probably has read Sheridan—at least those of his writings which are included in the ordinary editions. And as most of the facts in her book are taken from Moore's Life of Sheridan, we must give her credit for having read Moore. It seems probable also that she has pushed her researches yet farther: she has read parts of three other biographies of Sheridan, one by a Dr. Watkins, another by a Prof. Smythe, and a third by an anonymous 'Octogenarian.' For the rest of her facts, she has relied on the intuitions of her inner consciousness. It is this infallible monitor which tells her that Aristonetus is 'a dubious Latin author'; that Sheridan took his wife as the model from which to draw Miss Lydia Languish; that he was indifferent to dramatic construction; that he was once the 'stage-manager' of Drury Lane Theatre; and that he—one of the most careful and laborious of workers—was addicted to 'the dash of sudden creation.' We doubt if there ever was a volume to

\* The Philosophical Basis of Theism. By Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* Sheridan. By Mrs. Oliphant. (English Men-of-Letters Series.) Harper & Bros.

which one could apply more accurately the traditional criticism that there are in it many things new and many things true, but that what is true is not new and what is new is not true.

As we have said before, we did not believe that Mrs. Oliphant's study of Molière had been either deep or thorough; yet it seems to have permanently colored her English style, and to have forced her at frequent intervals through the present book to drop into French. She has *prestige*, and *habitué*, and *naïveté*, and *séance*; she calls Bob Acres a *hobereau*, and speaks of Lady Teazle's *gaieté du cœur* (*sic*); she gives us *motif*, and *rechauffé*, and *bandal*, and *éclat*, and *arrière-pensée*, and *rococo*, and *couche*, and *beau monde*, and *agacerie*—a nice derangement of epitaphs, which Mrs. Malaprop would disavow, and of which Mrs. Oliphant should be ashamed. Even when she condescends to use the vernacular she lays herself open to aspersions on her parts of speech. For instance, we find on page 80 this sentence: 'But Moore's account of the growth of Sheridan's powers, and of the steps by which he ascended to the mastery of his art, are interesting and instructive.' This is a delightful foretaste of the grammatical millennium (prophesied by Mr. Langan), when the singular noun shall lie down with the plural verb, and a little conjunction shall lead them.

**"The Creation and the Scripture."** \*

DR. MONELL's book suffers from its preface. Published after his death by some well-meaning friend, 'with the hope that it may aid others in solving some of the problems of our existence,' it is asserted in the preface that, instead of drifting into atheism or agnosticism after studying the Scriptures to solve his doubts, the Doctor became 'the firmest of believers in the sufficiency of Christ's life and precepts to give guidance and consolation in this life, and an unshaken hope in the future.' Nothing, however, seems to us more clearly proved in the book than the contrary. It is, indeed, a curious combination of conservative and radical elements. The author bids the scientist not to reject religion, but he also bids the religionist not to reject science; and the entire book is far more liberal in its teaching and its scope than either the title or the preface would imply. It well repays reading, though it will probably create more doubters than believers. Even in the first part, where the Doctor labors to reconcile scientific fact and biblical statement, he concedes so much to science, always bending the biblical to the scientific to make them agree when they seem to differ, that it is evident his noble assertion, 'we can never harm religion by learning all there is to be known of truth,' leads him farther than he himself suspected. He finds the biblical statement of creation to be identical with the scientific theory in the order which it gives to forms of development: first, physical, optical phenomena from chaotic condition; second, chemical changes; third, vital; fourth, rational; and thinks it a small matter that they differ as to the time required. He accepts the scientific centuries as the truth, but believes the six solar days of the Bible to be mere poetic license; for does not the Bible elsewhere remind us that a thousand years to the Lord are only as a day? In singular contrast to this good old-fashioned conservatism is the liberality of the second part; though it is always to be remembered that, in calling his book 'The Creation and the Scripture,' Dr. Monell undertook to reconcile us only to the facts of the Bible, not to its revelations. He is at some pains

to show that what are popularly called the *Christian* sentiments of brotherly love, charity and benevolence were understood centuries before Christ taught them. It has been the strong point of defence in this matter, on the part of Christian scholars who cannot ignore the fact, that what was preached by one man in the time of Confucius is practised by thousands since the day of Christ; but Dr. Monell, in pages of statistics, which, if true, are certainly convincing, shows that 'while we are continually told by pulpit and press that hospitals, infirmaries, public charities, and free schools, date from the Christian era, and are an outcome of Christianity, the fact is that all of these things exist in larger proportion among Confucius's followers.'

**"Science Without God."** \*

FROM the Catholic—Dominican—standpoint, M. H. Didon endeavors to demolish that many-headed monster of the latter days whose various capital extremities are called scepticism, atheism, positivism, materialism, atheistic pantheism, etc. The demolition is done in seven discourses, which are rendered into good English by an enthusiastic translator. If the method showed rigidly scientific processes as certainly as it shows a fair acquaintance with the views of leading liberal thinkers, the result of the work would perhaps be more satisfactory to the unbiassed inquirer after truth. But the logic of M. Didon leans on the prejudices of his hearers, and, while it aims at fairness, it is so evidently biased that conviction must come largely, if it come at all, from predilection. The author, in other words, is not strong in argument. He too often resorts to appeal. His method is partly denunciatory, partly hortatory, partly minatory. He deals too much in the pulpit fireworks, which are seldom available among thinking people. Our hard-headed doctors of divinity, who are also logicians, would reach his results with more success, and without the declamation. Frances Power Cobbe, who represents, probably, as well as any one, the theology of Theodore Parker, leaves a more massive tower of proof behind than the Dominican knight.

Perhaps the strongest exhibit of M. Didon's power is made in the sixth lecture, on the proof of the existence of God, where the argument has been often set in order by stronger writers, but is put with a warmth and enthusiasm which lend charm at least to the work. In general, we must say, however, that while the lectures show, as the translator claims, a considerable acquaintance with the thought of the scientific schools, and much generosity from the Catholic point of view in the treatment of the opponents of Christian theology, the reader of sceptical tendency who is to be convinced will be better handled by the harder-fisted logicians.

**The Puritans and the Quakers.** †

IN a prefatory note to this volume, the author modestly says that its object 'is to correct popular fallacies, and to assign to the Quakers their true place in the early history of Massachusetts.' The appendix contains some interesting evidence on the subject, from the archives of the State, which has never before been published. It is altogether a carefully written, clearly argued, frank, but bold and sympathetic statement of Puritan persecution of the most gentle, the most harmless, the most practical of all religious reformers, and one which no future writer upon the history of Massachusetts can afford to

\* *The Creation and the Scripture.* By Gilbert Chichester Monell, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Science Without God.* By H. Didon. Translated from the French by Rosa Cordes. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

† *The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts.* By Richard P. Hallowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ignore. It is not a new thing to point to that persecution as a reproach to Puritan character; but it has come, for the most part, from those who hated the Puritans, not so much because they were sometimes wrong as because they were so often right. Mr. Hallowell does not approach the subject in that spirit. He has none of that vulgar enmity to the Puritans which rejoices to find any evil in a people of such rigid righteousness, and, under the circumstances, often of such wholesome rigidity. But the history of the Quakers in America is second in importance only to that of the New England Puritans themselves, and the history of both is imperfectly told, when the story of their early relations to each other is left out. There is an evil side as well as a good side to Puritanism, and he is the best friend of the Puritans, who, in recognizing this fact, wisely sees that it is useless to maintain that they were of different stuff from ordinary mortals. The wicked have always been in a strong minority in the best of communities. It does not in the least change the fact that some of the Puritan leaders, lay and clerical, in Boston, were terrible persecutors, to prove that there were a few Quakers whose conduct was exceedingly provoking. Even the two or three of them that were ever, in any sense, disturbers of the peace of any right-minded person, were driven into extravagances by the cruelties inflicted on their people. To a man of the violent and brutal temper of Endicott it was the most natural and the most gratifying thing in the world to have a tender woman stripped naked to the waist and her back torn into shreds with the executioner's whip, because she chose to think her own thoughts and say her own say, if she said anything, about religion. Something is to be pardoned to dense stupidity; but to deny that the conduct of the persecutors of the Quakers was only worthy of savages, and was flying right in the face of all that was of any essential value in Puritanism—to deny all this now is to be as stupid as Endicott, and to show something of that natural proclivity to cruelty which so distinguished him. We doubt if any fair-minded man can read Mr. Hallowell's little volume and come to any other conclusion.

#### Some Minor Books of Poetry.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's 'Atlas' (John E. Potter & Co.) comes in such questionable shape that we mistook it for a veritable atlas, we found it anything but ponderous and earthy. It is a strong, well-balanced attempt to illustrate once more that old classic table—the overthrow of the giants by the gods, and the terrible grandeur of their punishment. Atlas, standing on the verge of a continent, sustaining on his shoulders the weight of the heavens, groans under his burden, and to his groaning come Crius, one of the Titans, and Alcyone, Oceanus, Phoebe, Hyperion, Iapetus, and all who have suffered from the wrath of Jove, either to condole with the suffering giant, or to express their anger against Jupiter. The chorus of Phaiades and Thyades join the throng to mingle lamentation and consolation. Throughout the poem the blank verse is well-managed and of elevated tone, and the invention, though not so imaginative as Lowell's, in like themes, or so full of the pathos of sublime grief as Matthew Arnold's, has a quiet dignity and strength that leave the impression on us of a firm, poetical mind.

ONE SWALLOW is very much like another; but the swallow song, if it is song, is not very musical. The chief enlivening characteristic of this bird is that it flies low and keeps near home. And so there are many poets with something of the real inspiration, who deserve praise mainly for not venturing high or far from home. Mrs. A. L. Angier is one of these. ('Poems,' Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.) Her themes are not far to seek. Like many of the minor poets, she sings perhaps a little too much about singing—or, busy at other work, hums too much about nothing. This is pleasant neighborhood music, good in the house, but should not go far.

'THE SONG CAPTIVES' of John Albert Wilson (Cupples, Upham & Co.) is a handsome volume of simple, natural verse, pure in tone and quiet in spirit—a spirit neither venturesome nor trifling. There are lover's verses where the love is as yet but fledged imperfectly, and soars mainly through the kindly assistance of fancy. That is, it gets its notions of flight from others. Mr. Wilson's flowers and thorns are those of the books. Besides the love verses, there are some of an ingeniously fanciful nature, like the 'Bubbles,' 'Billiards Intensified,' and various introspective poems wherein the introspection works among the lighter shades of sadness.

MR. JOHN B. TABB'S verses (no publisher mentioned) are more euphonious than his name. They are serious, and tuned to a serious mood, which, though strongly introspective, does not always find sure results, so that we are often left in the dark as to the poet's inner lights. Still, there is occasionally a bit of verse, like that called 'Asleep,' which suggests a novel shade of an old thought.

'HOLIDAY IDLESSE AND OTHER POEMS,' by James H. West (Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.), have little claim to attention with the general public. The versification is easy but not graceful; the thought is commonplace; and the fancy and imagination not out of the commonest order.

#### Minor Notices.

TENNYSON'S 'Princess,' very fully illustrated by American artists and engravers, has been brought out by Messrs. Jas. R. Osgood & Co., as a holiday book. A better choice could hardly have been made among the poet's works. Mr. Frederic Dielman, Mr. A. F. Fredericks, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Mr. H. Sandham, and Mr. E. H. Garnett are represented by very pretty drawings, which have been engraved in the best manner by A. V. S. Anthony, W. B. Closson, E. Clement, W. H. Morse, and others almost equally well known. Mr. Dielman's and Mr. Sandham's illustrations are especially good. The book will not suffer by comparison with the handsome edition of 'The Lady of the Lake,' issued as their chief gilt book, last year, by the same firm.

MR. HENRY GREY, author or compiler of a series of Classics for the Million, a Key to the Waverley Novels, etc., has just given us a 'Bird's-Eye View of English Literature, from the VIIth Century to the Present Time.' (New York: Dutton.) What prompted him to prepare it was the fact that 'an acquaintance with English literature is insisted on at every educational test and competitive examination.' No doubt it would be of advantage to a candidate at a civil-service examination to have committed the facts contained in Mr. Grey's neatly printed and prettily bound little volume to memory; but it would be a hard task, and the benefit derived from accomplishing it would be of the very slightest—unless, indeed, it enabled the candidate to secure the sought-for commission. The aim of the book is to give 'a synopsis of the names of our most celebrated poets and prose-writers, with the date of their death, their social position, and the titles of their principal works.' Thus, under the name of William Shakespeare (1616) we read: 'Commenced life as an actor, and wrote thirty-seven tragedies and comedies, which hold the highest place in English literature, and have obtained an imperishable fame in every civilized country.' The titles of his 'principal works' do not appear, nor is any mention made of his sonnets and longer poems. Of Kit Marlow (1593), we learn that he was 'a Cambridge graduate, wrote "Tamburlane the Great," "Dr. Faustus," and several other *sensational* plays.' Sir Walter Raleigh 'was the author of "A History of the World," and several poems.' What his social position was, we are not informed. The social position of Sir Walter Scott is also kept a secret—though we are told that he was 'the prince of novelists.' The titles of his principal works are not mentioned. Rev. John Home was the author of 'a clever tragedy,' the 'Douglas.' Charles Lamb wrote the 'Essays of Elia—, a clever series of humorous sketches.' Fanny Burney wrote 'Evelina' and 'two other clever novels,' the names of which are not given. Lord Jeffrey was the author of 'several clever critical essays.' On the whole, the information given is of the meagrest, being merely that of the biographical lists at the back of Webster's or Worcester's Unabridged, with an occasional title or vague word of criticism added. But the American critic is bound to deal gently

with a book, which, while it purports to notice none but British writers, yet finds place for the following paragraph under the name of Longfellow : 'No record of writers in the English language would be complete which did not include the author of "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "The Song of Hiawatha," and many other poems, which are held in as high estimation by English readers as by his own countrymen in America, and breathe a spirit of love and purity unsurpassed in the literature of any other nation, either ancient or modern.' This is the longest paragraph in the book.

LIKE MR. GREY'S 'Bird's-Eye View of English Literature,' Mr. A. Arthur Reade's 'How to Write English' (Lippincott) seems to have been written with a British competitive examination in view. Its chief object is to help those luckless beings 'whose defects in Composition have been so often exposed by Her Majesty's Inspectors.' The author has a wholesome dread of these latter officials. He alludes to them not only in his preface, but also in his introduction. The fear of them is constantly before his eyes. What Her Majesty's Inspectors will think of this effort of his to free their reports from further references to 'faulty composition,' we should like to know. For our own part, we have found the general observations sound, and the quotations not only plentiful but excellent. The particular instructions are less praiseworthy; and Mr. Reade's style cannot be said to illustrate all the rules of elegant composition which are here laid down with considerable emphasis. But the reading of 'How to Write English' has led us to re-read Herbert Spencer's 'Philosophy of Style,' and for that, if for nothing more, we owe the book a good word. Mr. Reade, by the way, is the compiler of the curious volume, 'Study and Stimulants,' noticed in these columns, several months ago.

'MEDIÆVAL CIVILIZATION' is the latest volume in the Appletons' series of History Primers. The author of it—Prof. George Burton Adams, of Drury College—is a close student of history, and quite competent to prepare a useful handbook on the period in question—the period stretching from the fall of the Western Roman Empire to the Reformation. He has not the faculty of making history 'read like a romance'; or, if he has, he has not chosen to exert it in compiling the present work. But he has made a book which excellently answers the purpose of this series, that purpose being, as we take it, not to entertain, but to instruct. And he shows the spirit of the true student when he says: 'In the study of history we can acquire no more useful mental habit than that of divesting ourselves of all the acquired knowledge, the deeper insight, and the broader views which advancing civilization has brought us, and of putting ourselves, as exactly as possible, in the position of the men of other days. . . . In this way only can we thoroughly understand them. The ability to do this may not be easily gained, but until it is gained, in some degree at least, we shall only be guessing wildly at the riddles of history.'

THE MESSRS. HOLT have issued, in their Briefer Course of scientific works, a new edition of the 'Astronomy' of Profs. Newcomb and Holden, which is essentially a well-executed abridgment of the larger college text-book by the same authors. It is not, however, a *mere* abridgment, but considerable portions of the work have been carefully rewritten (and much improved in the process) with special reference to the wants of the high-school and academy students for whose use it is intended. There is no need to say that the authors are eminent astronomers, and thoroughly understand their subject. The book, therefore, is in refreshing contrast to the productions of the professional school-book makers, who having only a superficial knowledge of the matter in hand gather their material, without sense or discrimination, from all sorts of authorities, and present as the result an *indigesta moles*, a mass of crudities, not unmixed with errors. The student of this book may feel secure as to the correctness of whatever he finds in it. Facts appear as facts, and theories and speculations stand for what they are, and are worth. With few exceptions all definitions and principles are explicitly, clearly, and distinctly enunciated—much better than in the college text-book—and the explanations and descriptions of astronomical phenomena are excellent, so far as they go—and they go as far as they ought to go in such a book. Almost the only fault we are disposed to find lies in certain arrangements of topics which seem to us awkward and inconvenient from a

teacher's point of view. Thus the consideration of the earth's form, dimensions, etc., is postponed to the middle of the book, after the chapters on gravitation and the planetary and lunar motions; and we could easily name several other similar instances. The book is well and attractively gotten up, but a few of the illustrations need repair or renewal. It is a very melancholy looking saturn that greets us on page 249; and it would puzzle Mr. Brooks himself to find the 'telescopic comet' in the figure on page 275.

MR. RUSKIN'S American publishers, Messrs. John Wiley & Sons, are issuing the new series of 'Fors Clavigera,' and have sent us the letter of April 23, 1883. Its title is 'Lost Jewels,' the subjects being the heroine of Miss Laffan's 'Baubie Clarke,' and a beautiful girl of Mr. Ruskin's own acquaintance—the motherless daughter of an old sea-captain father—who loved and was loved, but whose ignorant pride led, first to her lover's death, and then to her own. The two stories are very touching, and, it is needless to say, lose nothing in the telling; but the point in the letter which will attract the most attention is the dictum that engagements of marriage should last from three years to seven. 'There are no words strong enough,' Mr. Ruskin thinks, 'to express the general danger and degradation of the manners of mob-courtship, which have become the fashion—almost the law—in modern times; when, in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, lime-light—and anything but daylight—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle and whisper and whimper and sneak and stutter and fumble and blunder into what they call Love; expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in the danger of losing all the honor of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident.'

'LA GRAMMAIRE,' the famous comedy of Labiche and Jolly, has appeared in a paper-covered pocket edition from the press of D. Appleton & Co., with a translation into English, and the pronunciation of the French marked according to the New Method of M. Berger. The stage directions, even in the French text, are given in English, though why this should be so it is hard to see, as it only saves the student the trouble of looking to the opposite page, where everything is English.

ENGLISHMEN wishing to see America will be able to see some of it if they follow the routes laid down in 'The Tourist's Guide-Book to the United States and Canada.' (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The book is handsomely printed, bound in flexible covers, and has maps of all the principal cities, some of which are, however, out of date. It would have been impossible to condense, within portable limits, information covering the whole country; so the author has confined himself to the most agreeable lines of travel, and as a general thing shows good judgment in their selection, though several important routes are omitted entirely, or passed over with a mere mention. Many of the descriptions are evidently not given from personal observation, and much of the information is not of to-day, but will doubtless be brought down to date in future editions. The nomenclature of railroads is somewhat uncertain. Incorrect and old names are frequent, and several names are often given for the same road, which is liable to confuse strangers. These defects are not radical, however; and taken as a whole, the book is about as useful a purchase as would-be travellers in 'the States' can make.

MISS SUSAN ANNA BROWN, whose 'Forty Puddings' were found so appetizing last winter, is out with another little book, gotten up in much the same style, and called 'Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities.' Miss Brown has snapped up the unconsidered trifles of the kitchen and made them into dainty dishes. She tells of two hundred ways of using remnants. There is more good food wasted in this country through ignorance than in any other country in the world. We have not yet learned the value of saving the pieces, and Miss Brown will confer a blessing on the nation if she can prevail upon our housekeepers to be as thrifty as the French or German. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ANOTHER BOOK on a similar subject to Miss Brown's is Mrs. E. S. Miller's 'In the Kitchen,' of which Henry Holt & Co. have just ready a new edition. This is one of the best of all receipt books, and contains much practical advice about the

kitchen and its furniture. An excellent feature of this book is the summing up of the ingredients, at the head of each receipt.

### Fiction in the October Magazines.

IT IS A PLEASURE to praise. It is a great pleasure to praise Mr. Howells for the admirable concluding chapters of 'A Woman's Reason' in the October *Century*. He has given us much that is very clever, very much that is amusing; but his talent seeming of a kind which, as the saying is, might easily 'run itself out,' it is pleasant to chronicle that his latest effort is his best. 'The Lady of the Aroostook' was charming, but not very probable; 'A Modern Instance' was very probable, but not at all charming; in 'A Woman's Reason,' however, he has given us something really fine. Were it not, indeed, for this peculiar quality of fineness in its literal sense, these concluding chapters might justly be called masterly. As a test of their literary quality, we may state that they can be read by themselves, as a short story, with exceeding interest, by one who knows nothing of the preceding chapters.—'The Bread-Winners' continues strong and interesting, its combination of qualities being its striking feature. The coarser portions are almost repellently coarse, and the reader hesitates over Mrs. Belding's jocular acceptance of the *tableau* in the rose-house; holding, with her more sensitive daughter, that it is no excuse for a man who has kissed a pretty girl that the pretty girl was willing to be kissed. But in its finer portions, the story is exhilaratingly fine. In the dawn of Farnham's passionate feeling for Alice, the reader's own veins tingle with the delirious sense of loving, so much more satisfying, we have no doubt, than the delicious sense of being loved; while his delight in finding himself capable of passion, a passion strong enough to keep him stirred and gloriously happy even in repulse—'like a fire in a great hall, making even the gloom noble,—raises the romance of this powerful novel to a level with the finer love-studies that have not the need of incident to interest us. If we may hazard our little 'guess' where all the world is guessing, we should say, first, that the story is written by a man; secondly, that the man who wrote it is not dead; thirdly, that the author has never been known to us as a novelist.

*The Atlantic* contains two of the most artistic things of the month: 'A-playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlement,' by Charles Egbert Craddock; and 'Père Antoine,' by Davida Coit. Each is perfect of its kind. The former is the more elaborate, dealing with complex character and motive, with tragedy of incident, with many persons, and with picturesque and suggestive landscape; while the other is simply a graceful and rounded study of a single character. But each is artistic in being precisely what it professes to be, and in being set in the frame of expression best adapted to it. 'Père Antoine' is quite a remarkable little sketch. We have had authors before who tried to interest us in the good priest willing to sacrifice a *penchant* to give money to the poor; but few of them have remembered to add to their good priest such a natural and human trait as Père Antoine's impatience with the two old crones lingering too long over their prayers. If we mention that this sketch was a bit of work done as a school-exercise by a young lady who, as the phrase goes, has not yet 'finished her education,' it is by no means in the way of apology, but to express our grateful recognition of a young author able to write without redundancy, gifted with intuitive sense of the beauty of simplicity in style, and able to bring her sketch to a close suggestively natural, rather than to a climax.—To be strictly just, it must be mentioned that *The Atlantic* also contains the two most inartistic things of the month. 'Cream-White and Crow-Black,' in the information it gives us about the Southern 'mammy,' with an anecdote which had already gone the rounds of the newspapers as its *pièce-de-résistance*, is a mute accusation of the reader's general intelligence; while 'Amiability,' containing the germ of an idea which would have worked up well in an essay like one of the 'Country Parson's,' is entirely unsuited to its dramatic form.—Mr. Crawford's novel will be interesting to the close; but it has lost the peculiar fineness for which it was at first remarkable. It is still the entertaining account of two people who loved each other; but it is now Mr. Crawford's account, not that of Nino's Italian guardian.—Lacking the epigrammatic descriptive elements, Mr. Lathrop's 'Newport' is this month a collection of commonplace talk and vapid sentiment. It is quite possible that hundreds of rich and ordinary people live and love and talk as these people do; but it is not worth while to tell us about it.

In *Harper's* we have a capital little story in 'The Wood-Nymph'; and incidents in 'A Castle in Spain' at once more dramatic and less improbable than those of earlier chapters. Mrs. Lathrop gives us, we presume, the close of 'Prisoners,' though we doubt whether the most astute critic understands what the future attitude of the bride and bridegroom was to be. As a study of revenge, the story has a decided Hawthornesque touch—firm, yet piquing ungratified curiosity. That a man should carry his revenge to the point of marrying his victim, or that finding himself really in love with her he should marry her to keep her 'true to Stein,' is a little difficult for the average mind to grasp.

The fiction in *Lippincott's* is good, if not strikingly brilliant. 'The Jewel in the Lotos' is very slow in movement, and one misses in the present instalment the religious element which has given interest to the others. 'Miss Parkinson's Ward' and 'Under False Pretences,' are both short stories of the lighter type.

We hope that no one is deterred by the fine type of a daily paper from reading Mr. Fawcett's story in the Sunday *Tribune*. It is proving itself a little different in purpose from what we anticipated, being intended now apparently for a story of disaster; but in either case, it is an effective and brilliant study. Other people have tried to paint the dangers of too much 'society,' and only succeeded in impressing us with a feeling that the characters in question certainly suffered from it, but that we could have managed better with a million of dollars and the *entrée* to the 'best.' But Mr. Fawcett has painted so vividly the wretchedness and unsatisfactoriness of worldly life, even at its best, that the least impressionable reader must find himself murmuring: 'From wealth and beauty, from popularity, social gifts, and success of every kind, good Lord deliver us!'

We are glad to believe that we notice in *The Continent* an increasing tendency to supply us with good fiction. At times, between Rhoda Broughton's miserable 'Belinda' to pull it down, and certain very light tales of the ancient *Godey's* and *Peterson's* type to float it off like a balloon, it has been a little difficult for the really fine 'Judith' and sensible 'What-to-do-Club' to keep it anchored in the safe and serene waters of popularity. The short stories for September show improvement. 'His Second Wife,' a story of Mormonism, would seem incredible, but that Mrs. Paddock, as the author of 'The Fate of Madame la Tour' is not to be discredited; and it is to be welcomed as contributing to that knowledge of the facts of Mormonism which will be the best stimulus to crushing it out.

### Nicholas Tourguenéff on American Slavery.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The following letter is undoubtedly from the pen of Nicholas Tourguenéff.\* It is taken from a little book called 'The Liberty Bell,' published in Boston in 1856, which contains other eloquent testimonials against American slavery by eminent foreigners, among whose names I notice Michelet, De Tocqueville, Emile de Girardin, and others. I trust it may be of sufficient interest for publication.

W. J. P.  
CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 29, 1853.

PARIS, September 29, 1855.

MADAME: Seeing you on the point of departing for America, I cannot forbear entreating you to be the bearer of my tribute of respect and admiration to one of your compatriots. Need I add that I have in view our holy cause of human Freedom, and one of its most eminent defenders, Mr. Garrison? Every word he utters is dictated by the deepest sense of justice; but his recent discourse on the anniversary of British Colonial Emancipation is distinguished not only by its profound feeling of sympathy for the emancipated, but by that rigorously just reasoning, and that clear, firm, and, above all, moral logic, which leads him to prefer the separation of the States to the continuance of Slavery. It is by this trait that I recognize the true Abolitionist, and the truly worthy man. It was with the truest joy that I read those strong and noble words, each going straight to its end, acknowledging no law superior to the sentiment of right engraven in the human

\* Author of 'Russia and the Russians,' and a kinsman of the late famous novelist.

conscience by its divine Creator, and disdaining all the commonplace sophistry of weakness and hypocrisy that is so often employed in these discussions. Deeply touched by this discourse of Mr. Garrison, I feel that a Cause so holy, defended by such advocates, could not fail to triumph, if urged forward without delay. Every action, every word, which brings nearer the time of this triumph, is a blessing to millions of unfortunate beings.

May Almighty God crown with success the generous labours of all these noble men, who, after all, are but following the commands and walking in the ways traced by his holy will !

May I entreat of you, Madame, the kindness of presenting to Mr. Garrison the accompanying copy of my work, by which he will see that a co-labourer in another hemisphere has long wrought in the same vineyard of the Lord ; if not with the same renown, I may at least venture to say with the same disinterestedness, with the same self-abnegation, with the same love for the oppressed. Even the efforts I made in their behalf they could never directly know, for exile and proscription have compelled me to live far from my own land, and to plead the cause of human rights in a language which is neither theirs nor mine. I am thoroughly persuaded that all success obtained in America in the cause of the coloured race will be eminently serviceable to my poor countrymen in Russia. It is, then, first as a man, and secondly as a Russian, that I hail the efforts of Mr. Garrison and his fellow-labourers for the deliverance of their Country from the hideous plague-spot of Slavery. Receive, Madame, my earnest good wishes for your voyage. May Heaven grant that in again beholding your native Country, you may there find new consolations and fresh encouragements to persevere in the great Cause which you have made the principal object of your life. Accept, at the same time, the expression of my high respect.

N. TOURGUÉNEFF.

To Mrs. Henry Grafton Chapman.

#### "A Woman's Reason."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Your forecast of Mr. Howells's 'A Woman's Reason,' as contained in your issue of September 8, turned out incorrect. While hoping that it would not be so, I still felt almost certain that Robert Fenton would turn up. For, if you remember, Mr. Howells did not kill him off, but left him and Giffen, deserted by the sailors, on a coral islet. I must say that the concluding chapters of the novel, as contained in the October number of *The Century*, have left me in a state somewhat akin to disappointment. It seems almost as if the action of the story had been hurried, and the *finale* made to order, so that it could be reached with the end of the magazine's half year. There are several improbable instances, too, in the twentieth chapter: the finding of the boat in which their sailor companions had left; the fact of their coming directly back again to the same little speck of land on which they had been cast; and their inability to recognize their own atoll, every feature of which one would think they should have been thoroughly and disgustingly familiar with. Lord Rainford, too, seems to drop very suddenly out of the story; and, altogether, the whole novel strikes me as not nearly so finished a production as 'A Modern Instance.' As far as Helen is concerned, she was a very foolish girl to indulge a mere sentiment when she might have taken a place and position in elevated society. It strikes me that Mr. Howells would have struck a key-note if he had added one more word to his title, and let it read, 'A Woman's Reason—Gone.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 30. DUNCAN C. ROBERTSON.

#### Berger's "New Method for Learning French."

WE HAVE RECEIVED a letter from Mr. F. Berger, whose 'New Method for Learning French' was unfavorably noticed in these columns on September 29. Mr. Berger signs himself 'Author of the new Method for Learning French; Honorary Consul-General to the United States; Professor of the Association Polytechnique of Paris.' We are unable to give his letter in full, but reproduce the closing paragraphs :

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

The knowledge of French has become a paramount necessity on account of extended international relations. Next year the steamers of several transatlantic Lines will cross the Ocean in six days, and thus a trip to Europe will become easier and

cheaper than a summering in this Country. Under such conditions who would not wish to go to Europe, London, Paris, etc., etc., once in his life, at least, either for business, instruction, health or pleasure ?

What is needed is conversational French, and this is the main object of my book, having especial reference to the American public. Of what use are many words and grammatical rules if after all you cannot comprehend a Frenchman and make yourself understood by him ? Such is now unhappily the case even after two years of study. In the use of the New system the pupil will save money and much time. May not this question be considered of general interest ? Therefore I am induced to appeal to the Press ever ready to advance the public good.

September 10, 1883.

F. BERGER.

#### A Prelude.

A HUNDRED buds into blossoms grew ;—  
The blight killed some ere the night-wind blew ;  
Some lingered and gained but an ill-repute,—  
One only grew to the perfect fruit.

A hundred seeds from the branches fell ;—  
How many were lost I cannot tell.  
Some rooted and thrived for a while—Ah me !  
One only grew to the perfect tree.

I send thee a hundred songs of mine ;  
And little I care for the ninety and nine,  
O friend of my youth : I bless my art  
For the one that will flourish within thy heart.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

#### The Lounger

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, interviewed by a reporter of the Boston *Herald*, has given his opinion in the matter of taking vacations after hard work. He doesn't believe in doing so. He 'fails to see that long terms of intellectual inactivity are beneficial.' On the contrary, he thinks them injurious. There is a reluctance about turning to work again. Rather than take a long vacation, Mr. Howells apportions his work so that it never becomes irksome. His writing hours are from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. After the latter hour he is a man of leisure. This is a very sensible arrangement. Method is better than any labor-saving machine that has ever been invented.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, at her concert in Morristown the other night, showed herself to be as good-natured a woman as she is an accomplished singer. By some accident the accompanist failed to arrive. This occasioned a momentary delay in the performance, and would have been a fatal drawback, had not the fair diva seated herself at the piano and played, not only her own accompaniments, but those of the other singers. It must have been rather amusing to see her playing the piano and singing her part in a trio at the same time.

MR. CABLE's new story, 'Dr. Sevier,' labors under the disadvantage of having a name not easily pronounced by persons who are unfamiliar with it. The name of Sevier is common in the South, and is there pronounced as if it were Severe.

A POST-CARD, bearing the following printed inscription, has been sent out to 'editors, and secretaries of literary associations,' with a request that they shall 'please note.'

'The Culture League of America. Pure Politics—Social Melioration—The Suppression of Crotchetts. A movement that seeks to give definite form to the intellectual life of the continent, and to precipitate a body of doctrine as the practical outcome of modern thought and literature. It gives sequence, result and an intenser interest to the operations of a great number of literary circles and societies. The combined awards confer rank upon the members. Private and public persons should apply (by letter) to the Secretary, 150 Lexington Avenue, for details of the organization of circles and the symposium.'

'Pure politics' and 'social melioration' are no great novelties, but the 'suppression of crotchetts' promises something quite beyond the ordinary. I am interested to know how it can be

accomplished, and whether the patient survives the elimination. Note also that 'the movement seeks . . . to precipitate a body of doctrine as the practical outcome,' etc. Is this chemical experiment called for? It seems to me we already have an abundance of this precipitate. It is gratifying to know that 'the combined awards confer rank,' though how they do it still remains a mystery. It is gratifying, also, to know that 'circles, public and private, in all cities, may affiliate' with the League.

THE *Tribune*, when the *Times* dropped in price from a four to a two-cent paper, went tumbling after, but stuck half-way down the hill, and has been lying there ever since. It has—to drop the Jack and Jill metaphor—fallen between two stools, and it is calling attention to its ridiculous position by making a tremendous clatter. Every day it reports the proceedings of the newsdealers, who declare that they love the *Tribune* because the *Tribune* first loved them, and is allowing them the 'fair profit' which the *Herald*, as a two-cent paper, denies them. The newsdealers refuse to sell the *Herald* for two cents—and the people buy it for three. This is naturally galling to the *Tribune*. But it should take a hint from its present experience. It should see that it is not the good will of the news dealers, but of the news readers, that makes a paper thrive. When people can get all the news for one or two cents, they are not going to pay an extra penny to read the proceedings of the newsdealers associations, or a half-column snarl at the *Times* and *Herald*.

THE EXACT NATURE of Mr. Abbey's contract with the stockholders of the new opera house is as follows: The stockholders allow him \$150,000 to 'mount' twenty operas—the property, of course, remaining theirs, after the season has ended; and they insure him against loss on the season to the extent of a guaranty fund of \$60,000. The stockholders, of course, occupy, free of cost, the eighty best boxes. As Mr. Abbey's expenses range between \$30,000 and \$35,000 a week, his chances of losing an amount far in excess of \$60,000 are but too rosy. Mr. Mapleton's expenses will be from \$8000 to \$10,000 a week less than his rival's. And yet he has Patti, Gerster, and, possibly, Tamagno, who, if his voice is to be compared with what it was a year or two ago, will quite overshadow Campanini and Stagno, two artists who are both on the wane. There will certainly be a reduction in the prices of some of the metropolitan theatres, this fall. The manager of one of the principal Broadway houses—and a manager whose means enable him to 'take the chances'—is seriously discussing the advisability of rating his orchestra chairs at a dollar.

THE REV. DR. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR., has returned from Paris, whither he went as agent of an American insurance company, and has explained to the press that he resigned his post there because of the stubbornness of his employers. The Doctor, it seems, wanted the company to adopt the French system of insurance, and the company refused. Hence the Doctor's return to the scene of his labors as an insurer of men's souls, before he had undertaken the insurance of their fortunes. But he will not resume his former avocation. He has a higher mission. He is about to return to Paris, to enlighten the French in regard to America and things American, concerning which, he declares, he has found them densely ignorant. We wish him all success in this laudable endeavor.

MR. W. H. H. MURRAY—'Adirondack Murray'—ex-preacher, ex-manufacturer, ex-etc., has taken to the lecture platform. To those who went to hear him at Chickering Hall, last Sunday evening, he made it clear that there is no conflict between science and the Christianity of Christ. But he is ready to grapple with much more abstruse questions than this, and will be heard in many halls, and on a variety of subjects, this winter. The story of his own life would be as entertaining as anything he could talk about. Perhaps he will relate it.

SOME ONE sends me, anonymously, the following list of names, to show that the use of a middle initial is not unknown even in Great Britain, though by the British accepted as an American idiosyncrasy: Edward A. Freeman, Richard A. Proctor, Edmund W. Gosse, Alexander J. Ellis, Walter W. Skeat, Amelia B. Edwards, Charlotte M. Yonge, Georgiana M. Craik, Katherine S. Macquoid.

### Notes

THE DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine* will be a Christmas number and will contain, besides the usual features of the magazine, a number of contributions of special holiday significance. Mr. George William Curtis has written the opening article, which is called 'Christmas,' and which will be profusely illustrated by Mrs. Jessie Curtis Sheppard and Mr. Frederic Dielman. The frontispiece, called 'Under the Mistletoe,' is by Mr. Dielman, and is an out-of-doors scene. Besides this there will be four full-page illustrations on plate paper. Among the writers who will contribute to this extraordinary number are Mr. Curtis, J. G. Whittier, Miss Thackeray, William Black, W. D. Howells, George H. Boughton, Austin Dobson, Charles Reade, and E. E. Hale, and among the artists E. A. Abbey, F. Dielman, C. S. Reinhart, Howard Pyle, Mrs. Sheppard, Alfred Parsons, W. H. Gibson, George H. Boughton, F. S. Church, A. B. Frost and W. L. Sheppard.

A new author will be introduced to the readers of *Harper's Magazine* in its December number. A secret well kept is that Rev. E. P. Roe has written a serial story for *Harper's*, which will be begun in November. It is called 'Nature's Serial Story' and will be illustrated by F. Dielman and W. H. Gibson.

Luckily for Mr. W. M. Griswold (Q. P. Index) the time will never come when there will be nothing for him to make an index to. His latest, and one of his most useful pamphlets, is 'A Synopsis of Copyright Decisions,' which may be had by addressing the compiler at Bangor, Me., or Mr. J. W. Christopher, at 47 Dey Street, this city.

*The English Illustrated Magazine* has a very pretty cover, but one which would be more appropriate to a child's magazine. It is a thoroughly English design; and the table-of-contents of the first number—published in THE CRITIC of September 8—is thoroughly English, too. But it is not for that reason the less interesting to English readers, though it throws upon the illustrations the task of making the new monthly popular 'in foreign parts.' The best picture in the present number is the engraving of Rossetti's 'Lady Lilith,' from the water-color painting in the possession of Mr. A. S. Stevenson. The quality of this engraving is as distinctive of what is known as the American manner as the painting itself is characteristic of the pre-Raphaelite school. It sets a standard higher than that of any other illustrated paper in Great Britain—except, of course, the art journals.

Messrs. Putnam have in press a 'History of Democracy, Considered as a Party Name and as a Political Organization,' by Jonathan Norcross, of Atlanta, Ga.

The readers of Mr. John Bigelow's monograph on 'Molinos the Quietist' will remember the frequent references to the famous 'Spiritual Guide' of that old writer, and will be glad to know that Messrs. Scribner's Sons have in press a little volume of 'Golden Thoughts from the Spiritual Guide of Molinos the Quietist,' with an introduction by John Shorthouse, the author of 'John Inglesant.'

*The Churchman* has swallowed up *The Guardian*—or, euphemistically speaking, the latter journal has been consolidated with the former; which will continue to defend 'the Faith once delivered to the Saints.'

Mr. William Creswick, the London manager, has written a book with the title 'Fifty Years of the Stage, as Actor and Manager,' in which he proposes to show the difference between the life of an actor now and in the good old times.

Mrs. Oliphant has written for the November *Century* a paper on Queen Victoria, which will be mainly devoted to her life before the death of the Prince Consort. The frontispiece of the number is an engraving of an oil study of the Queen, made from life by Thomas Sully, in 1838. It was preliminary to a life-size portrait of the Queen, in full regalia, painted at Buckingham Palace for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia.

A meeting of the Pedestal Fund Loan Exhibition Committee—the first since June—was held at the American Art Gallery last Saturday, and the work of preparing for the exhibition to be held at the Academy of Design throughout the month of December resumed. At a second meeting, to be held to-day (Saturday), the name of a new Director will be announced, Mr. Millet's other engagements requiring his absence in Europe until the date fixed for the opening of the show.

The latest shot at Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., is fired at long range, and will therefore do comparatively little damage. It is an article headed 'Small Latin and Less Greek,' in *The Overland Monthly* for October. The writer—Mr. George B. Merrill—has no patience whatever with his opponent. He pummels him furiously in fourteen pages of small type. *The Overland*, by the way, would present a handsomer appearance if it should drop the double rules that disfigure the first page of its cover.

'London Town' will be the title of Marcus Ward & Co.'s new Christmas book, designed by Ellen Houghton and Thomas Crane.

The Bureau of Education has just issued its third Circular of Information for the year 1883. It is devoted to a report of the proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its meeting at Washington last February. The whole pamphlet is interesting, but to many readers the most attractive part will be the speeches of Mr. B. G. Northrop, Gen. S. C. Armstrong and Miss A. C. Fletcher, concerning Indian Education.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott, of Trenton, writes to the editor of *Science*: 'There is no doubt overshadowing the existence of man in the Delaware valley as long ago as the close of the glacial period: his presence, then, is not merely "a theory advanced by Dr. Abbott," as you suggest, but a fact susceptible of actual demonstration.'

*The Wheelman* for the six months ending with September forms the second volume of that capital magazine of out-of-doors literature. Bound in sober brown cloth, and provided with a copious index—which covers the first volume, as well as this—it must appeal strongly to the lover of wholesome sport.

'The Story of my Heart: My Autobiography,' by Richard Jefferies, author of 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' etc., is in the press of Messrs. Roberts Bros., who also announce, as in preparation, 'Jo's Boys, and How They Turned Out,' a sequel to Miss Alcott's 'Little Men.'

A scholarship in Tourguenoff's name is to be founded at the University of Moscow, where he was educated; and also a distinct school in the same city.

Mr. Elliot Stock is preparing a facsimile reproduction of Browne's 'Religio Medici.' 'Wind-Voices,' a volume of poems by Philip Bourke Marston, is also in his press.

'We observe,' says *The Academy*, 'that it has become quite the fashion in America to issue a limited number of copies of the more important books printed on hand-made paper with proofs of the illustrations. This is but one example out of many that the American book trade is now very flourishing.'

Fathers of the present generation of young folk may revive their boyhood, the publishers of *St. Nicholas* assure us, in their sons' enjoyment of Capt. Mayne Reid's new serial story, promised for the coming volume of that magazine. The new story is to treat of adventures in Terra del Fuego,—'the land of fire.'

Prof. James Baldwin, of Huntington, Ind., has written for Chas. Scribner's Sons 'The Story of Roland,'—a companion to his 'Story of Siegfried,' which has been reprinted from *St. Nicholas* in book-form. Prof. Baldwin is also the author of a textbook on English literature lately published by John E. Potter & Co.

Six large editions of 'John Bull et son lle,' by M. Max O'Rell, were exhausted in Paris within one week of its publication. According to *The Athenaeum*, a ninth has just been issued. The author is said to be a French professor in an English school.

*The Monthly Reference Lists* for September are devoted to 'The Treaty of Peace' between the United States and Great Britain, signed at Paris September 3, 1783, and 'Social Life in New England in the XIXth Century.'

'LESS than ten years ago,' runs a special despatch to the *Philadelphia Times*, dated Erie, Pa., September 30, 'the newspaper printed an Associated Press telegram to the effect that a gentleman from London was treating as a representative of the Crown of England with a Louisville lawyer for the possession of a book, the *Memories of George IV.*, which contained the sketches of the life of the treacherous King, and for which the British Government had offered £1000 reward for every copy. It was also stated at the time that the book contained personal admissions of King George that

his crown properly belonged to another. The copy in the Louisville lawyer's library was supposed to have been the last of the edition in circulation, as it had been thoroughly exterminated in England shortly after its publication in 1832. Now it transpires that there is yet another copy in this country, that belonging to George Watts of this county. The despatch goes on to say that Mr. Watts has caused a letter to be sent to Mr. Gladstone, offering to give up the book for a fair consideration.'

A CANADIAN correspondent informs us that the new literary periodical, announced in *THE CRITIC* of Sept. 22, is to be called *The Week*. The first number is to appear, at Toronto, on the first Thursday in December. The editor of the new review will be Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, and the leading contributor Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose *Bystander* will be discontinued.

'SOMETHING New of Benedict Arnold and his Descendants in England' is told in the October *Magazine of American History*. The writer, Mr. Isaac N. Arnold, recently visited, at Great Massingham Rectory, Norfolk County, England, the Rev. Edward Gladwyn Arnold—a grandson of the American General—who married, in 1852, the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Cholmondeley. Great Massingham Rectory is described as a most charming home. With its glebe of some forty acres it stands apart from the quaint old village of that name. A luxuriant hedge of hawthorne, twenty-five or thirty feet in height, surrounds the lawn, about which are scattered 'groups of grand old oaks, beeches and elms.' The house itself is covered with 'ivy, climbing roses and honeysuckles.' Near by are croquet and tennis grounds, a fruit and flower garden, and a plantation of evergreens; and, farther off, is a meadow pasture, with sheep and Jersey cows. A foot-path leads across the fields to the church, the eight-hundred-years-old tower of which can be seen through the foliage. The father and three uncles of Mr. Arnold—the American General's four sons by his second wife—all served with distinction in the British Army; and a son of the Rector of Great Massingham is a lieutenant in the British Navy. Mr. Arnold has preserved the letters and other papers of his grandfather, and two or three of them, hitherto unpublished, are printed with this article. One of these—a letter to George Johnson, ex-Governor of Florida—contains a defence of the General's treachery, and an application for an appointment under the East India Company, in which Governor Johnson held a high position. In his reply, the East Indian assures his petitioner that 'it is hardly possible for any person to regard your past conduct with a higher degree of admiration than I do.' The writer of this article, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Arnold, went over, one day, to Houghton, one of the country-seats of the clergyman's father-in-law. The octogenarian Marquis was not there; but indications of his evangelical turn of mind were found in the texts of Scripture hung up conspicuously about the walls of his magnificent house.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes.

*L'ART* has issued separately, as a prize to new subscribers, an etching by Wilson, after Morland—a stable interior. The painting selected is a very good example of Morland's work, but the etching, though good, is not up to the average of such work in *L'Art*. New subscribers to *L'Art* can reckon confidently on getting better etchings with every number.

*The Art Interchange* for September 27 has, as one of its supplements, an outline study, in color, of a beautiful female head by Sir Frederick Leighton.

*The Portfolio* for September (Bouton) is richer in illustrations than usual. Its full-page plates are an etching of Chagford Bridge, by R. S. Chattock; Donatello's 'St. Justina,' reproduced by Dujardin from the sculpture at South Kensington; and a study of a female head, by D. G. Rossetti. This last also is reproduced by Dujardin. Of minor illustrations there are a dozen or more. The study by Rossetti was one of those left in the artist's studio at his death, and sold at Christie's in May last. It is interesting as showing—in the words of the editor—that the pre-Raphaelite leader 'was able to study with enjoyment a model without full lips, or large eyes, or heavy masses of hair.' But the long, bulging neck is of Rossetti, Rossettian.

## The Drama

THE REAL 'Fédora' was given at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday night—that is, as real a 'Fédora' as a literal translation from the French could be. In details it is very unlike the play produced last week at the Twenty-Third Street Theatre under the name of 'The Romanoff,' though in essentials it is the same. 'Fédora' is a much better play. It is the work of an accomplished playwright, but it is not put into English as well as was the version acted in London. That was adapted as well as translated by Mr. Herman Merivale. This version is simply a literal translation, made by some one with no great command of language. Strong points are often lost by the bad wording.

The first act opens in the apartment of one Vladimir, to whom the princess Fédora, a widow of many attractions, is about to be married. She has been to a masked ball, where he was to have met her, but came not. In her impatience she flies to his apartment at midnight (Russian widows being a privileged class), but can learn nothing of him. She hears the sound of wheels without. He is coming. The door opens; and, as she sits before the fire, she tosses her head back with coquettish grace, and calls him by name. Instead of her lover the voice of an official of the police answers her. Vladimir has been shot, and is lying wounded unto death in the next room. With a shriek the Princess bounds to his bedside. Physicians enter and declare the young man to be very near his end. Fédora bends over his prostrate form and utters another shriek. He is dead!

Why a man so young, so handsome, so popular, should have been murdered is a mystery too dense for the police of Russia to clear up. Fédora suspects the Nihilists, and suspicion points at a young man named Loris Ipanoff. The chain of evidence seems to Fédora strong enough, and she vows to avenge her lover. She tracks Loris to Paris. They meet and love. But the bleeding corpse of Vladimir is before her eyes. She believes that Loris committed the murder, but has no proofs; nor can she understand what could have been his motive. She determines to make him confess, and he loves her so dearly that he betrays himself, only to be flung like a viper from her breast. He says that he can and will explain, and she appoints a later hour that evening to hear the story. With the thirst for vengeance drowning every other sentiment in her heart, she tells the police that she has the murderer of Vladimir, self-confessed, to deliver over to them,—that he will enter her house by a secret gate that evening, and that when he leaves they must seize him and bear him away. He comes, and she receives him with loving words. 'Why did you kill Vladimir?' she asks. 'Because of a woman: he betrayed my wife!' 'Your wife?' 'Yes, my wife; here are the letters that criminate them both.' With rage in her heart, with tears in her eyes, she reads the loving words which her affianced has written to the wife of another man, and his confession that he was only going to marry Fédora to please his father and to get her money. And this is the man she loved,—the man whose death she has sworn to avenge! How noble his murderer appears by comparison. She loves Loris, and she has betrayed him into the hands of the police. They are waiting without to seize him. He shall not go. Ah! but he must. Her reputation is dearer to him than his life. His life is dearer to her than her reputation. Day will soon be breaking. What does she care? The passion of a widow for her third lover is not a thing to be trifled with. He shall remain. She throws herself into his

arms. He remains. The curtain falls. It is well. But the evil day is only postponed. By the next act Loris's family have been executed, and he is exiled. Ah, fool, fool, that she was! Her hot head has worked her ruin. She will not live. Remorse overwhelms her. She takes poison, and dies in his arms after obtaining his full forgiveness. Loris lives on in Paris, and if there were only a fifth act, we should probably find him as madly in love with another woman as he had been with Fédora, or as she had been with her three lovers.

Miss Fanny Davenport played the part of the Princess Fédora, and played it better than those who have only seen her bouncing and rattling through a comedy part would believe. But her performance was not artistic. She was not a Russian princess, nor was she a woman whose love would conquer her hate. There were moments when she moved the audience by her force of gesture. She appeared to better advantage when she stood, stretched to her full height, barring the door to prevent her lover's exit, than she did, when, with head thrown back and skirts thrown out, she hung around his neck. In the tender parts she was uninteresting; but when it came to tearing a letter to shreds, you pitied the bits of paper that she stamped upon. Mr. R. B. Mantell, as Loris Ipanoff, made the artistic success of the performance. He acted with refinement and power, and called forth the only genuine outburst of applause of the evening.

'DOLLARS AND SENSE,' a comedy in three acts, adapted from the German by Mr. Augustin Daly, was given at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening last. The adaptation is thorough. There is nothing about the piece to suggest its foreign origin. It is not a perfect picture of fashionable life at Washington; but where it misrepresents that life, it does not misrepresent it by giving a German view of it. Washington society may not be the most exclusive society in America, but it is exceedingly doubtful that it would tolerate for five minutes so bad a case of confidence operator as the bogus Col. Jefferson Briggs, who wears a Turkish fez at all hours of the day and night, and says everything he has to say, first in Turkish, and afterwards in the vernacular. The caricature is not so bad, however, as that of Mrs. Secretary, in 'A Washington Winter'; and yet the latter work was a native production, and not an adaptation from the German.

Col. Jefferson Briggs is not, we are happy to say, the leading character in Mr. Daly's comedy. The piece will have a prosperous run, but it will be in spite of the Colonel's red fez and outlandish gibberish. Its success will be due, in the first place, to Mr. Lewis's capital impersonation of the uxorious Eliphilet Lamb, and Mrs. Gilbert's no less excellent impersonation of the strong-minded but tender-hearted Saphira, his wife. It will be due, secondarily, to Mr. Drew's animated and refined characterization of the true-hearted young man-of-the-world in Harry Latimer; and to Miss Rehan's peculiarly winning personality, manifesting itself less fully, perhaps, in the part of Phronie Tremont than in some others in which she has been seen. Miss Dreher makes a handsome and dashing adventuress; and Mr. Thompson, as Griggles, the faithful old family servant, attracts more attention to a minor part than the author probably intended that he should. And this he does by strictly legitimate means—not by burlesquing the character, but by making it perfectly true to life.

If we are not false prophets, full houses will be laughing over the thwarted subterfuges of Eliphilet Lamb until the holidays have come and gone.

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